



ISABEL IRVING



GOOD MIMICS ALWAYS SUCCEED.

Clever Imitators of Stars Can Command Good Salaries.

The retirement to private life of Fay Templeton, the hunt that Cecilia Loftus is making for a comedy in which she will not have to do imitations and other movements of the actress create new opportunities for actors and actresses who excel in mimicry.

That imitating pays can be seen by the new five years' contract that Elsie Janis has made with Charles Dillingham under whose management she is to star. She gave up a management that had been paying her \$750 a week, and her only reason for giving it up she said, was that it was not paying her enough salary.

A new imitator in the person of a black-eyed, black-haired girl who until lately had not been heard of, has appeared in vaudeville, and her friends announce with a boldness that is somewhat startling that she is the real successor to Miss Janis. This is La Belle Blanche. She does one thing that few imitators have done. She has omitted imitations of Eddie Foy and George M. Cohan.

Blanche Ring does the imitating for the Lew Fields company, while Cecilia Loftus is on that job for the Joe Weber troupe.

Miss Ring did not do imitations when she first went on the stage. At first she sang songs. Later she discovered that she could do acceptable imitations. One of those she does is an imitation of herself singing "The Belle of Avenue A," "The Good Old Summer Time," "Bedelia," and other songs with which she has been closely connected in days gone by.

One of the newer imitators is Gertrude Hoffman, the wife of the man who wrote much of the music that is heard in Anna Held's "The Parisian Model."

Henry E. Dixey is a marvelous mimic. One of the reasons that Richard Mansfield does not care overmuch for Dixey is that Dixey used to mimic him continually. He also used to mimic Henry Irving. He did this in London at a theater next door to the one in which the great Henry was playing.

At a dinner given to Dixey Irving said: "If anything should befall me one of these nights and I could not get to the theater they could send next door and get the other Henry to play my part. I doubt if anybody would know the difference."

Fay Templeton in one of the old Weber and Fields shows used to come upon the stage just when Lillian Russell had finished singing the beautiful "My Evening Star."

She did an imitation of Miss Russell, singing that song that used to make Miss Russell lean exhausted from laughter against the wings.

Nat Goodwin is an accomplished mimic. Many times he has "broken" up the members of the company acting with him by giving impromptu imitations of them.

Eddie Foy, George M. Cohan, Sam Bernard, Vesta Victoria, Ethel Barrymore, Mrs. Carter and Bernhardt are

among the players that are most imitated.

Idaline Cotton who acts in vaudeville with Nick Long does an imitation of Mrs. Fiske that is startling in its verisimilitude.

Fay Templeton said once when asked why she did not attempt an imitation of a rush light star that happened at the time to be attracting considerable attention.

"My dear," said she, "I don't imitate dead ones."

GENUINE HARD LUCK.

Opera House Burned Down and Improved Theater Blown Away.

"Talk about hard luck," said C. Milford Giffin, of the Players' Stock company of Chicago, the other day to a friend, "about four years ago I was down in Texas with a repertoire company, playing all the smaller towns. On our route was the town of Paris, which we were to play on Wednesday. We left Beaumont late Tuesday night and when we reached Paris the next morning, discovered the town hall in which we were to appear had burned down the day before. The village squire, who was also manager of the Opera House, devised a scheme by which we could give our performance by utilizing a great pile of baled hay for a stage. We all set to work and by afternoon had a fairly good stage erected, plenty of chairs in front and a good enclosure made from old carpets, etc., borrowed from the villagers. Everything was in fine shape, and it was nearing the hour for the show to begin, when one of those gentle zephyrs, known only to Texas, came and blew away the stage, chairs, fence and almost the people. Now, can you heat that for hard luck?"

O'Donagan's Tact.

A story Earl Stirling, of the Players' company, repeats frequently is of an Irishman who prided himself upon his delicacy and tact. One day when a boy was killed in the quarry where the Irishman worked, he told the men to leave everything in his hands; he would break the news to the boy's mother as it should be done.

He went home, put on a black suit and tie, and started for the mother's shanty.

"Good mornin', ma'am," he said. "Tis the sad accident yer boy's gold watch has met wid."

"Why," said the mother, "Tom never had a gold watch."

"Sure, an' that's lucky," said the diplomat, "for twenty tons uv rock just fell on him."

Willie Was Disappointed.

One day Willie's mother found her young hopeful holding his pet rabbit by the ears, says Elizabeth Goodall of the Bush Temple. From time to time he would give Bunny a violent shake and demand sharply: "Two plus two? Two plus two?" "Three plus three? Three plus three?" "Why, Willie," asked his mother with deep concern, "what makes you treat poor little Benny that way?" "Well," replied Willie, greatly disappointed, "teacher told us that rabbits multiplied very fast, but this dummy can't even add."

MYSTERY OF THE NILE

HOW WATER IN THE RIVER IS REGULATED FOR HARVESTS.

And Now Another Twenty-Three Feet Is to Be Added to the Great Dam at Assouan—Buried Historic Ruins.

Every morning from a little room of a great white house on the eastern shore of the Nile, at Assouan, is clicked by telegraph to Cairo the question: "How much water?" The answer comes, so many thousand gallons less. A button is pressed, the water which flows under the iron bridge at Cairo is increased or diminished some ten days later in accordance with the telegraphic answer and the intervening valley between Assouan and Cairo has a little more or a little less water on its surface. The man at the button may bring joy or sorrow to thousands of little farms—it is all according to the message he receives.

From the great white house there extends across the river a granite wall or dam 150 feet high. Half way up this wall, and stretching its entire length, a line of shutters opens or closes by a pressure of the button. In the winter months a huge lake expands to the southward, which has every appearance of being a flood, for, in certain places, the tops of palm trees are discernible above its surface, and the summits of inundated ruins apparently mark the sites of ancient cities. As the days go by, and Cairo demands more and more water, the palm trees and the ruins seem to rise from their watery beds, until, in June and early July, the river flows freely with all its historic indolence.

Still the cry for water is insatiable, and now the 150 feet of granite wall will be lengthened by 23 feet, which will double the power of the man at the button, and after that no more palms or ruins will unfold themselves, as the hot months come, from the surface of the lake. The palm trees will not be missed, but what of the ruins? That is the tribute of the past which modern agricultural Egypt is called upon to pay.

Just south of the granite wall is the island which holds the amphibious ruins. Twenty-three feet of granite now stand between it and oblivion. It is named Philae, and it is the burial place of Osiris. A temple of 14 columns rises on its eastern bank, and on its western is the great temple of Isis, begun by Ptolemy Philadelphus and added to by the Roman emperors. Its front is in the form of a propylon, before which is an expansive court bounded by two galleries, the column sides of which skirt the shore for 250 feet. Behind the propylon are many halls and chambers of curious and fantastic design. The whelming waters of the winter months have already begun their work. Floors have crumbled, columns fallen, and the walls crumbled. The twenty-three feet of granite will complete the work of devastation. Philae and its ruins will never again feel the sun of Egypt.

It was thought that the granite wall across the Nile at Assouan, 150 feet high, would provide perpetual irrigation for the desert to the north. That was a mistake. But will the 23 additional feet to the summit of the wall, which will forever bury Philae, complete the work? Will the man at the button in the great white house ever have the power that Joseph had of the river? Joseph had no Assouan dam and no shutters to manipulate by the pressure of a button. In what, therefore did his power to make Egypt perennially fertile consist?—N. Y. Times.

WHEN CHIPMUNKS SING.

Capable of Producing a Noisy Morning Chorus.

The chipmunk is not usually considered much of a songbird, but according to Ernest Thompson Seton he is quite a success in a vocal role. In Manitoba the chipmunk comes above ground about the first or second week of April, says Mr. Seton in Success. Mounted on some log or root, it reletterates a loud chirpy "Chuck-chuck-chuck!" Other chipmunks run forth into the sunlight, and seeking some perch add their "Chuck-chuck-chuck!" to the spring salute. They are active from this time of the year on, and their sunny morning chorus is not by any means confined to that original outburst. On April 29, 1905, at Cos Cob, I heard a chipmunk in full song. He kept it up for 11 minutes without ceasing, and uttered 130 chirps to the minute. He got no reply, though he worked very hard and seemed tired toward the last. On May 28, 1905, at Cos Cob, I heard a chipmunk singing. He kept it up for three minutes, uttering three chirps to the second.

To Calculate Longevity.

"Bacon took a deep interest in longevity and its earmarks," said a physician, "and Bacon's signs of long life and of short life are as true to-day as they ever were."

"You won't live long, Bacon pointed out, if you have soft, fine hair, a fine skin, quick growth, large head, early corpulence, short neck, small mouth, brittle and separated teeth and fat ears."

St. Petersburg Postoffice Service Attractive, But Not Efficient.

The Slovo of St. Petersburg recently asked its readers: "Have you ever noticed that the lady assistants in the general post office at St. Petersburg are almost without exception good looking?" Most people might consider this a mere coincidence, but that this is not the case is shown by Miss Petrova, who writes to the newspaper to tell how two friends of hers recently applied for clerkships in the general post office. After a time, the application papers were returned with a formal note to the effect that at present there were no vacancies. The returned documents, however, revealed marginal notes which had been imperfectly obliterated with rubber. One read: "She looks to be over 30, is small, plain and flabby." On the other paper in microscopical characters were the words: "Old maid, tall, bony." The Slovo asks what might have been the marginal notes on the papers of successful candidates and who are responsible for them. It adds that the selection of youth and beauty for this branch of the public service has by no means improved the unsatisfactory condition of the general post office.

KNEW BETTER THAN THAT.

City Youth Could Believe Much but There Was a Limit.

The younger son of a well-known politician of Chicago has spent pretty much all of his life in the big city by the lake, and, consequently, knows little of country ways and things. Not long ago he visited a man he had met in Chicago, and who maintains a big farm near Cairo, whither he had insisted the youngster come for a lengthy stay. One day the Chicago youth was wandering about the farm, closely examining the top, ends and sides of a certain trim, well-made object fenced round in the paddock. "What are you searching for, Jimmy?" asked the owner of the place, with a quizzical smile. "Where are the doors and windows?" asked Jimmy. "Doors and windows! Why, Jimmy, that's a haystack. Look here, old man," exclaimed Jimmy; "I may be only a green person from the city, but you can't bluff me that way. Hay doesn't grow in lumps like that!"—Harper's Weekly.

Real Forbidden Fruit.

In some countries there grows a kind of fruit belonging to the shade-dock family and which is commonly called "forbidden fruit." It is similar to grape fruit, but is larger and the inside is somewhat coarser than the delicious acid delicacy of which we are so fond. The name forbidden fruit was given on account of three dark brown stains, like finger marks, which invariably show on this variety of the shaddock. The stains are close together on one side and are believed to be the marks of Eve's fingers left at a brand on the apple whose eating caused so much trouble in the world. Forbidden fruit is much liked by people who are able to get it fresh, but so far it has not been shipped abroad as extensively as its cousin, the grape fruit and shaddock.

Great Land Owner.

The Duke of Northumberland is the largest land owner in England. His estates stretch almost from sea to sea, and he can ride 100 miles and not once leave his own domain. In appearance he is tall and thin, with reddish hair and flowing whiskers. He is old-fashioned in manner, and shows many of the attributes of a grand seigneur. And he has all the pride of the Percys and keeps up to the full their Olympian traditions. He was once heard to say: "You will have to go a long way back in our record to find a Percy who was either idle or a spendthrift." In religion he is an inviolate, like his father, and he has converted the duchess to his own belief.

Fritz on the Dachshund.

Little Fritz was told to write an essay on his favorite dog and he wrote the following on the dachshund: "Der dachshund was a German dog dot looks like a bologna sausage mit legs. Vonce fader had a dachshund dot vos so long ven ut ran around der block ut had to hold up its head to keep from running over its hind legs. Der dachshund was an obedient dog, but ven you call him to come quick he is always long. He can't help ut—he was born dot way. Above all, der dachshund ves der only member ut der dog's family whose breath comes in long bants. All der rest comes iz short bants. Hurrah for der dachshund!"

They Moved Down to Boston.

Mrs. H. G. Wells and other grown-ups have had their merry gibes at Boston, but here is a little miss whose unconscious irony puts their best efforts to shame. "Why," asked Dorothy the other night on going to bed; "why can't we see fairies?" "Because they do not live in the fields and woods here any more," replied her nurse. "Where are they, then—in heaven?" "Perhaps so." "Oh, I know," said Dorothy after a moment of silent thought. "The angels got tired of their old mansions in the skies, so they let the fairies have them and moved to Boston."—Judge.

Not a Botanist.

"When we were out automobileing on the boulevard yesterday I stopped to look at the rhododendrons." "What part of the car is that?"

HAS ROMANTIC STORY

HISTORIC VERMONT SPOT SCENE OF INDIAN TRAGEDY.

Monument Mountain Has Its Pulpit Rock and Profile of Old Man—Was Favorite Council Spot of Red Men.

Great Barrington, Vt.—On the eastern side of Monument mountain in Great Barrington rises an almost perpendicular wall of white quartz 500 feet above the plain. In several places the frowning masses of rock are left projecting from the cliff more than 300 feet above the base.

One of these projections forms in its outline a profile of an old man and the rock has been named "The Old Man of the Mountain."

Near the highest part of this cliff a pointed mass of rock only a few feet in diameter has been parted from the top of the mountain and stands isolated from 50 to 100 feet high on different sides. It is called "Pulpit Rock," and is very difficult of ascent, though a few people have seen its top. No other place in southern Berkshire receives so much attention from tourists as Monument mountain. It lies on the dividing line between Stockbridge and Great Barrington.

David Dudley Field, when a resident of Stockbridge, contributed much to the popularity of the mountain by building a drive from Stockbridge to the summit.

It is not very difficult to make the ascent of the mountain, but it requires considerable nerve to walk along the crest, which is not very wide, and on some portions the traveler is enabled to look down upon the meadows hundreds of feet away. A slip would mean death, since the side of the mountain is so abrupt.

Its beauty and location is described by a writer, who says: "Monument mountain is of peculiar form. It is like giant tumulus cast out of the surrounding plain by some mighty upheaval of nature. It is an uplifted ridge of rock set in a basin whose longer oval extends from Great Barrington to Stockbridge and the shorter axis between Bear mountain on the east and Tow mountain on the west."

On the east is the valley of the Konkopot. To the far north Greylock stands out in bold prominence, its entire mass showing in full relief, looming up grandly in the sky.

Monument mountain was a favorite place of council of the Stockbridge Indians.

In the Indian traditions of Monument mountain, by L. H. Hale, published in 1837 in the Family Magazine in Boston, is told the tragedy of Oucannawa, a beauty of an early tribe, loved by Salouch, a warrior of the tribe. Salouch resolved that Oucannawa should be his or never become another's. The legend is that Oucannawa and Salouch met one day on top of Monument mountain and here the chief again sued for her love. Unable to win the girl, the savage seized her and hurled her from the precipice. The girl was buried near the spot where her body was found. A rude monument of stones was reared over the grave to which for years the Indians each added a stone as they passed the way of the mountain. Whites scattered the stones more than 70 years ago and dug to find treasures, but were unsuccessful. The cairn was partially replaced in 1884.

From this monument reared to the Indian girl the mount takes its name. In 1895 Miss Helen Butler, of Stockbridge, purchased the whole of the mountain top, including several acres, and gave the land to the state of Massachusetts for a public reservation. This was in fulfillment of the wish of a deceased sister.

William Cullen Bryant, during his stay in Great Barrington, wrote the poem "Monument Mountain."

RICH WOMAN HIDES FROM FOES.

Daughter of New York Banker Is Threatened in Letters.

New York.—Miss Giulia Morosini, daughter of the wealthy banker, famed for her gowns and her stable of blooded horses, is practically a prisoner in her home, "Elmhurst," Riverdale-on-the-Hudson, as the result of a great number of threatening letters which she has received lately.

It is the anxiety of her family and friends which keeps Miss Morosini indoors, or prompts her to veil herself when she goes out for a drive, for she feels no fear and is an expert shot with pistol or rifle and a firm believer in her ability to care for herself.

One of the most daring plots of this campaign of anonymous letters and threats against Miss Morosini was an attempt recently to steal from Tiffany's establishment the \$1,000 gold cup which she put up as a prize for the Riders and Drivers' association, and which was won by Dr. Wallace Gill's pacer, Coast Marie, at the matinee on the Speedway.

Daniel Comet Rediscovered.

San Francisco.—Prof. R. C. Crawford, of the University of California, has rediscovered the comet recently located by Prof. Daniel, of Princeton university, in the constellation Taurus. A report from the observatory at Berkeley says the comet may be seen after midnight near the bright star Aldebaran and is visible to the naked eye. It will be nearest the earth on July 25, when it will be 70,000,000 miles distant. Its nearest approach to the sun will be September 2, when it will be 47,000,000 miles away.

Figure Up!

The amount of money you have lost by keeping your spare rooms vacant so long. A large sum is it not? Make up your mind that you will lose money no longer in this way. Have your ad inserted in The Mirror for a week, which will cost you 50 cents. Your room will then be rented. Cheap commission to pay, is it not? Phone ads to No. 8 either phone.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—For the U. S. Marine Corps, men between ages 19 and 35. An opportunity to see the world. For full information, apply in person or by letter to Recruiting Office, No. 107 E. Center St., Marion, Ohio. 7-2-261

WANTED—A good plasterer also good lather, good wages and prompt pay. Citizens' 341 Bell 402K. See L. H. DeLauder David street. 7-18-11

WANTED—Experienced core makers (male) for brass foundry. Write, giving age, experience and wages expected. The Ohio Brass Company, Mansfield, Ohio. 7-19-31

WANTED—Farm hand. Steady work, good wages. A. B. Almendinger, 3 miles east of city. 7-22-31p

WANTED—Two young men to work mornings and evenings. Good position. Call at Marion Business College or Phone Ctt. 1050, Bell 214 y. E. D. Crim, res. 7-23-31

WORK WANTED

WANTED—Family washings and sewing to do at home. Call or address Mrs. Cochran, No. 2 Kenton Ave. Citizens' Phone 2 on 849. 7-15-31

WANTED—Family washings and ironings to do at home. Inquire at 638 East Mark street. 7-19-31

WANTED—Washings to do at home. 683 Ballentine avenue. Phone No. 1 on 758. 7-19-31

WANTED—Washing and ironing at 236 hort street. 7-22-31

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

One of the Greatest and Most Ancient of Superstitions.

In our infancy there was pointed out to us the mysterious man in the moon, who looks solemnly down from his perch in the sky. No doubt we have made many a childish speculation concerning this grave personage, who has been watching the successive generations on the earth come and go for centuries, and wondered how he came to be away up there in the moon so many miles from us.

Well, he was sent there because he was a naughty fellow, a wicked man, who picked up some sticks that did not belong to him on Sunday. The first mention of this is in the Bible, where it is told that a certain individual was put to death for such a proceeding.

From this Bible story originated one of the greatest and most ancient superstitions—that of the man in the moon. The man in the moon is known to every nation, and is pictured as leaning on a fork on which he carries a bundle of thorns or brushwood, who he was caught stealing on the Sabbath day; and as a punishment he was confined in the moon. The dark lines and spots which compose the features of this traditional man any in reality the shadows of lunar mountains on the moon.

Robin's Appreciation of Surgical Services Rendered.

BIRD SHOWED ITS GRATITUDE.

About six weeks ago Hugh McGill, of Lock Haven, Pa., noticed an old robin fluttering in the grass in front of his home as if it had been injured. Mr. McGill caught the bird after some little effort. He discovered that one of the robin's legs was broken, which rendered it almost helpless.

Taking the robin into the house he washed the bones, applied splints and carefully bandaged the leg and kept the robin a prisoner. To Mr. McGill's surprise the bones grew together, and a few weeks ago the leg was found to be as good as ever. The robin was given its freedom, but in appreciation of the kind surgical act performed by Mr. McGill the robin came about the house many times every day and has become so tame that it will eat crumbs from Mr. McGill's hand.

The bird has a nest in a nearby tree and on being called by Mr. McGill invariably flies to him and perches on the vine, a fence or some other object near where Mr. McGill may happen to be.

Foraker Speaks at Miamiburg.

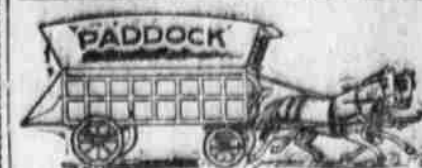
Miamiburg, O., July 20.—In an address before the Miami Valley Chautauqua Friday, Senator Foraker called on tariff revisionists for a "bill of particulars" and explained some points in the recent rate legislation which did not seem to him to have been clearly understood by the public.

FOR RENT

FURNISHED ROOMS—First or second floor. Bath, gas and all modern conveniences, 113 Blaine Avenue. 7-18-31

FOR RENT—The north part of double house No. 215 S. Prospect street containing four good rooms, gas for heating, cistern and hydrant water for house use. Possession to be had at once. Inquire of Busby P. Sweeney 7-18-31

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FOR SALE—300 acres of good land, with good buildings, good fences, good wells, new scales and well adapted to stock raising. Can be divided into four farms. Has stone pile on two sides. Will take part payment in Marion City property. Charles Hofstetter, Phone 433. 7-12-11

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DAVID P. TAFF,

THE LAND MAN.

415 Kansas Avenue TOPEKA, KANSAS.

"Lord Partington."

The duke of Devonshire, now in his seventy-fifth year, and very ill, is simply a name in the dispatches to the average American of the day. To the Americans of 45 years ago, when he was the marquis of Hartington, he was the most offensive traveler in the United States. He made an open display of his secession sympathies in a particularly offensive manner. He narrowly escaped assault on one occasion, but when he visited the White House President Lincoln's only rebuke was to address him as "Lord Partington."—Boston Transcript.

Common Nest for Cat and Hen.

Howdinkham cats are noted for their sagacity, but it remains for the intelligent feline owned by Mrs. Samuel Donnell of that town to cap the climax.

"Our cat has taken a strange place to rear her last kittens," Mrs. Donnell told the Journal Friday. "Her children were born in a hen's nest and ever since she has persisted in keeping them there. The queer part of it is the philosophical way in which the hen seems to take the matter."

"When she wants to lay an egg she pecks at the kittens, who are too small to resent it, and if the mother is near she pushes them gently from the nest. Just as soon as the hen has laid her egg the cat grabs the kittens and puts them in the nest again, and it is no unusual thing for the cat, kittens, eggs and hen to be all together in one glorious mixup."—Kennebec Journal.

Daily Market Report.

UNION STOCK YARDS.

Union Stock Yards, Ill., July 22.—Cattle—Receipts 20,000; estimated for tomorrow, 4,000; market steady to 10c higher; prime heaves 5.80@7.35; poor to medium .60@5.70; stockers and feeders 2.80@5.70. Hogs—Receipts 33,000; estimated for tomorrow 18,000; market 10c higher; light 5.90 @ 6.25; rough 5.40 @ 5.75; mixed 5.80 @ 6.20; heavy 5.80@6.05; pigs 5.60@6.10. Sheep—Receipts 18,000; estimated for tomorrow 10,000; market steady to 10c higher; native sheep 3.75@4.6; native lambs 5.65@5.70; western lambs 5.70@7.60.

CLEVELAND.

Cleveland, July 22.—Hogs—Receipts 20 cars; shipments 600. Market higher. Yorkers 6.45; medders 6.20@6.30; heavies 6.10; best pigs 6.45@6.50; stags and roughs 4@5.20.

Calves 150; strong.

Sheep and lambs—4 cars; strong; good to extra lambs 7.25@7.50. Cattle—Receipts 10 cars. Dull.